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The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

TYNESIDE "WILL DELIVER THE GOODS": WORKING MEN'S VOCIFEROUS PROMISE TO THE PRIME MINISTER.



Standing in the Palace Theatre, Newcastle, beneath a notice which announced the intention of the audience "to deliver the goods," Mr. Asquith addressed a huge gathering on the necessity of increasing the output of war material, especially ammunition, for the Army and Navy. There can be no doubt that the men of Tyneside

mean to do their level best, and when asked to shout "Aye" to the question "Will you pledge yourself to increase the munitions?" they literally roared assent. The Premier described it as the most unanimous and enthusiastic affirmative he had ever heard. The pictures show him arriving at the theatre and delivering his speech.

MEXICO CITY IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB: AMERICAN MURDERED AND U.S.A. FLAG TRAMPLED ON.



Rioting in the streets of Mexico City. The pictures, which have just reached England, were taken on March 11 last, the day on which Mr. McManus, a prominent American citizen, was murdered by the mob. His body was found riddled with bullets, and the United States flag which flew above his residence was torn down and trampled on. His house

was also ransacked from cellar to garret, and all his furniture smashed to atoms. During the rioting business houses were attacked and churches looted, while several people were killed. The Mexican Government, after denying responsibility for Mr. McManus's murder, agreed to pay his family an indemnity of £4,000.

"CHILD TIED IN A GAS STOVE."

Extraordinary Story of Parents' Torture of a Little Girl.

"BEGGED FOR WATER."

A terrible story of cruelty to a little girl was told at the London Sessions yesterday.

The child, the illegitimate daughter of Annie Catling, the wife of Thomas Catling, who were both charged with cruelly ill-treating this little one.

Mr. Fordham, prosecuting on behalf of the N.S.P.C.C., said that the case was an exceedingly bad one, and amounted to nothing else than a course of torture to the child.

The man was a cabinet-maker earning about 30s. a week, and for some time had lived in rooms in Barnsbury street, Islington.

The couple had one child of their own, aged three, but this Nellie was the illegitimate daughter of the female prisoner.

After a few months the child was taken to the female defendant's sister, Mrs. Latter, who resided near Dartford. She kept charge of the child until August last year, when it was handed over to prisoners.

Prisoners were living in Hornsey road, and during the time they were there no active cruelty took place.

In November the parties went to Barnsbury street. After a time the child became weak and fell about through sheer weakness.

Mrs. Catling, continued counsel, had made the remarkable statement that she had tied the child in an iron gas stove when she went out to prevent her thieving things from the cupboard.

Cords were tied round the wrists, the arms and the ankles. They were secured in such a way that they went through the flesh down to the bone and left it exposed. The cords round the arms left grooved marks and there were sores and ulcers.

During the last three months the child only went out once. The man had been heard to threaten the child and the woman to abuse it, and there were frequent sounds of beating.

CORDS THROUGH FLESH.

The little girl begged for water, and ate food ravenously. The child weighed 11 lb. 10 oz., whereas the normal weight of a child of that age was 24 lb.

The child was simply a skeleton. Skin was hanging in loose folds from the body, and its muscles were atrophied. Below the knees its limbs were swollen and dropsical. It was tender all over and suffering great pain.

Mr. Fordham said that both hands were cut and the arms and leg bruised. The child had suffered great agony. It was impossible to say whether some of the limbs might not have to be amputated.

Dr. Hands said that the child was suffering great agony and was too weak to stand. She had been starved for some time. Even if the limbs were saved the child would suffer from neurasthenia for the rest of its life.

Both prisoners, who declare that all they did was to chastise the child for its habits, were found guilty.

The chairman (Mr. Lawrie) said that the man's conduct had been about as brutal as any person's who had been before the Court. He would not inflict the maximum punishment because he thought the child had exasperated him. He should pass a sentence of twenty-one months.

Addressing the female prisoner, he said that it was difficult to say how far she intended to go. It might be that she had gone very near attempted murder, but he was not going to punish her for that. She had been egged on by her husband, and she would be sent to gaol for six months.

"BABY SIZE OF 10d. RABBIT."

A terrible story of privation and hunger was told at a Hackney inquest yesterday concerning the seven-weeks-old daughter of a Stamford Hill machine-minder.

A doctor said the child weighed only 4lb. 7oz., and added that death was due to extreme exhaustion from inanition, but whether from improper feeding or want of food it was impossible to say.

The verdict returned was in accordance with the evidence.

The father, when asked how he came to let the child get into this starving condition, said that before the child was born he was away training in the 10th County of London Territorials, but was afterwards rejected as he had a weak heart.

He complained that for the first three or four months of his training his wife did not receive a farthing separation allowance.

During that time she was practically half-starved and had to live on the money he sent her out of his pay, which was just over 9s.

Since the birth the father said he had gone back to his old situation. He added that he also thought that during the past two or three weeks the child was improving.

The coroner: Does it look now as though it had improved?—No.

An inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children said that the mother stated that when the baby was born it weighed 6lb., that it was healthy, had never been ill.

Witness said that the body of the baby was in a back room. It was very emaciated. The skin was shrivelled, and there was scarcely any flesh on the thighs.

Witness told the mother the child was about the size of a "tenpenny rabbit" and asked her why she did not take it to a hospital or a doctor, but she made no reply.

LITTLE MAID FASHIONS.

Mothers Adopt the Youthful Styles of Their Daughters.

WIDE SKIRTS AND BOOTS.

The world of women is bent on becoming as young as ever it can, for the new full skirts fashion is certainly the "little girl mode."

The ordinary day skirts are so short that they look like the skirts of the schoolgirl of fifteen.

Evening short skirts are scalloped and flounced and look like the party dresses worn by the girl at her Christmas school party.

Most schoolgirls wear boots instead of shoes, and now mother and daughter both wear "high legged" boots for morning and afternoon.

One of the most fashionable of these is made entirely of patent leather.

The hats, too, for grown-ups are of the character worn by little girls many years ago. There are Leghorn hats with daisies and long ends hanging down the back.

The little baby hat of silk, with a muslin frill, which used to be worn by baby in the perambulator, is now worn by mamma.

The tunic or coat with a belt buttoned at the knee, or below the knee, has been adopted by grown-ups, and even grandmas sometimes wear a belted coat or tunic.

Little short bolero childlike coats are also a feature of the new little girl fashions.

WAR-SHATTERED ROMANCE

£1,000 for Captain Whose Wife Went Away with Officer Wounded at Mons.

One thousand pounds damages were awarded by the jury at the Divorce Court yesterday to Captain Edward Phelps, who asked for the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of misconduct between his wife, Ethel Elaine, with the co-respondent, Captain Edward L. Porter.

The jury awarded £2,000 to Captain Phelps, who was granted a decree nisi with costs, but counsel agreed to accept £1,000, the amount claimed in the petition.

Mr. Bayard said the petitioner was married in 1909 at Bombay.

In December last, while staying at an hotel at Millbrook, they made the acquaintance of the co-respondent, who belonged to the same regiment as the petitioner, but a different battalion. One day she brought co-respondent with her, and told petitioner that during the latter's absence co-respondent had been staying in their house as a paying guest.

When petitioner left the hospital he went down to their house at Cawsand, near Plymouth, where he found co-respondent living next door.

The wife seemed entirely changed in her attitude towards her husband, and later petitioner made inquiries, and ascertained that his wife and co-respondent during his absence had stayed as man and wife at an hotel at Lynton. Respondent finally went away and joined the co-respondent.

NEW EMERGENCY SERVICE.

Electrical engineers and other men with a technical knowledge of electrical matters are being asked to give spare time to an "electrical emergency service."

The work to be done is at the electric lighting, power and tramway stations to replace "switch-board attendants" who have joined the colours and to release others who desire to do so.

Applications for enrolment, etc., should be made to the offices of Electrical Engineers, 203, Temple-chambers, London, E.C.

"NOT AN EFFETE NATION."

"Germany has yet to learn that Britain is not an effete nation, either in war or commerce," said Sir Owen Phillips at the annual meeting of Elder, Dempster and Co. yesterday.

LONELY GIRLS' FRIEND.

Power of "Sunday Pictorial" to Banish Gloom and Discontent.

MAGIC OF BRIGHT PAGES.

How can the friendless young woman in London best spend her leisure hours?

There are thousands of such people who, when the day's work is over, are compelled to pass lonely hours in furnished rooms and basement kitchens.

Too tired to go out or knit or sew or plunge with the requisite concentration of mind into the depths of a dull book from a local library, they sit and brood till bedtime.

It is on Sunday, perhaps, that the loneliness is most keenly felt, for work is lighter and the sense of home-sickness, given free play in long unoccupied hours, sweeps over many minds and causes discontent.

A well-known authoress with whom *The Daily Mirror* discussed this question yesterday, gave her remedy for these lonely people.

"I give my maid the *Sunday Pictorial* every Sunday, of course, after I have read it myself—and it interests her immensely," she said.

It is much better that her mind should be occupied in this pleasant way than that she should be preoccupied with the streets.

She has never been in service before, and her mother is very anxious that she should be carefully looked after.

I let her go out in the afternoons twice a week and in the evenings of Friday and Saturday her work I give her *The Daily Mirror* to read.

"She seems quite contented and happy, and the paper interests her for hours."

She never wants to go out in the evenings, and as she has no acquaintance of either sex in London she is, I think, best indoors. Recommend your lonely readers to try my remedy."

SHY OF THEIR CLUBS.

Many Golfers Giving Up Game and Taking to Tennis and Badminton.

It is going to be a lawn tennis and badminton year—for the more elderly section of Britons, at any rate—according to an enthusiast on these games who was seen yesterday by *The Daily Mirror*.

"Hundreds of men who in the ordinary way spend their week-ends playing golf do not care to be seen walking about with their clubs in these strenuous days, and have to face the problem of finding a game that will keep them fit," he said.

"A few people I know have got over this difficulty by employing boys to carry their 'sticks' to the course, but the majority of men do not play at all."

"They must have some exercise, and one of the best substitutes for golf—a little more arduous, perhaps—is lawn tennis or badminton."

"Many men I know have told me that they are going to take up these games this year. Where the garden is small badminton may be played with perfect ease and comfort."

In many suburban gardens badminton is already in full swing. "It is a splendid game after a hard day's training," one young soldier told *The Daily Mirror*. "There is not so much running about as in tennis, and there is plenty of excitement."

One large City firm of games outfitters said that there had been quite a big demand for tennis and badminton sets this spring.

£19,000 FORGER SENTENCED.

For forging and uttering a transfer of shares in Jay's, Ltd., to which firm he was until recently secretary, Charles C. Cox was sentenced at the Old Bailey yesterday to twenty months' hard labour.

Counsel for the prosecution said that prisoner, who had been nineteen years in the employ of Jay's, was a trusted and confidential servant in receipt of a salary of £200.

Recently certain erasures were noticed in the books. Investigation showed that during the past nine years prisoner had carried out a systematic scheme of duplicating and forging transfers of shares of Jay's, Ltd., the sum involved amounting to between £19,000 and £20,000.

SMITH'S OUTBURSTS IN COURT.

"This Man Is Grinning at Me," Says Accused in Brides Case.

"LISTEN TO LIES."

During the hearing at Bow-street yesterday of what has come to be known as the dead brides case Smith made an angry outburst, declaring that a detective was "grinning at him."

George Smith, who is alleged to have married six women, is charged with murdering three of them—

Beatrice Constance Annie Mundy, at 80, High-street, Harnsey, on May 19, 1912.

Alice Burnham, at Regent-road, Blackpool, on December 12, 1913.

Margaret Elizabeth Loft, at 14, Bismarck-road, Highgate, on December 18, 1914.

Mrs. Crossley, the landlady of the house in Regent-road, Blackpool, where Miss Burnham died, gave evidence, and said that the accused asked her if there was a bathroom in the house at the time he engaged the rooms.

Accused repeatedly interrupted the witness and declared that she had been bribed to tell lies.

He was thoroughly angry, and looking towards Detective-Sergeant Reed almost shouted: "More of your business, I suppose. Call yourself a man? Nothing but bribery."

Accused continued to make frequent outbursts, and later said to the magistrate: "Sir John, this man (indicating Detective-Sergeant Reed) has been grinning at me all the time."

Sir John Dickinson directed that the detective should stand out of sight of the accused.

"YOU ARE A CALLOUS MAN."

Samuel Tudor, of New Hall-lane, Preston, Lancashire, clerk to Mr. John Parker, coroner, said that on Saturday, December 13, 1913, an inquest was held at Blackpool on the body of Alice Smith, and witness produced his original notes of the evidence.

The verdict at the inquest was that deceased suffered from heart disease and was found drowned in a hot bath, probably being seized with a fit or faint, the cause of death being accidental.

Mrs. Margaret Crossley, of Blackpool, said she sat in the kitchen when there were visitors.

Referring to the evening of Friday, December 12, 1913, witness said that Mr. Smith and his wife went out and later returned.

The bathroom was overhead on the first floor. After you had been sitting there some time did you notice something about the ceiling and the walls of the kitchen?—Yes.

About what time?—About twenty past eight.

What was it that you noticed?—Water coming from the ceiling.

Did you hear any sound from the bathroom while you were having your tea?—I never heard any.

In reply to counsel she said that it was after she noticed the water running that Smith brought some eggs into the kitchen, saying they would have them for breakfast in the morning.

"MY WIFE CANNOT SPEAK."

He stayed and conversed, and witness next heard Smith call out, "Alice, put out the light when you have finished."

Then he called, "My wife cannot speak to me. Fetch a doctor. Fetch Dr. Billing; she knows him."

Witness ran for Dr. Billing, who came and said Mrs. Smith was dead. In the kitchen Smith said to witness, "This is a terrible job. I should not be surprised at anything that happens after this."

I told him," said the witness. "I would not have him in the house that night. I said, 'You are a callous man.'"

Smith again interrupted, heatedly exclaiming from the dock, "She never said anything of the kind."

Continuing, witness said she got him a bed elsewhere.

What did he say?—He said "Why?" and I said, "Because I won't have a callous man in my house." He said, "Oh, I could sleep where she was."

Witness said she replied, "I have got you a bed, and you will have to go there." Smith said, "When they are dead they are dead."

After the funeral Smith left the house, and witness did not hear of him again until this case arose.

Dr. George Billing, of Church-street, Blackpool, said when he went up to the bathroom Mr. Smith was supporting the woman's head on his left arm. She was in the bath. His impression was that Mr. Smith's sleeve was turned up or pushed up.

The woman's head was at the top end of the bath, her feet pointing towards the broader end. She was in a half-sitting position.

EXPLOSION AT AN ARSENAL.

Three workmen were seriously injured in an explosion at Woolwich Arsenal early yesterday morning.

The explosion occurred while the night shift was repairing a tunnel in the danger workings area. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Three workmen—J. Smith, G. Bopp and F. Ricks—were found to be suffering severely from burns and shock. One was blown clean out of the shop.

DEATH FOR SULTAN'S ASSAILANT.

CAIRO, April 21.—The military court here has condemned Mohammed Khalil, an attendant to assassinate the Sultan, to be hanged. This decision has been approved by General Maxwell.—Exchange.



Major Viscount Crichton, D.S.O., with his two children, Mary and John. It was generally believed that he was a prisoner of war, but now a Geneva report states that he was killed some time ago.—(Rita Martin.)

BRITISH HURL BACK MANY DESPERATE GERMAN ATTACKS ON HILL 60

Great Losses Inflicted on Foe in Fighting Which Still Continues.

BOLD RAID ON AIRSHIP SHED AT GHENT.

War Office Statement That Considerable Damage Must Have Been Done.

BERLIN TALE OF VICTORY IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

Hill 60 is the scene of terrific fighting.

The Germans are vainly trying to recapture the position from the British, but our gallant troops have flung back their desperate onslaughts.

It was announced by the War Office last night that violent fighting was still going on round this now famous hill.

Great losses have been inflicted on the foe, who have returned again, and again to the attack.

That the Kaiser's men should make such furious attempt to retake the hill emphasises the brilliancy and importance of the British achievement.

A bold and successful attack has been made on airship sheds at Ghent, and it is stated by the War Office that considerable damage must have been done.

Paris reported yesterday that Bruges arsenal has been bombed by Belgian airmen.

FAMOUS HILL SHELLED ALL NIGHT LONG.

Vain but Desperate German Efforts to Retake Position from the British.

The War Office issued the following statement last night:—

Violent and continual counter-attacks are still being made on Hill 60.

Yesterday afternoon the enemy's activity was renewed, and between six and nine two heavy attacks, made by infantry, were repulsed with great loss to the enemy.

The hill was heavily shelled all night, and several further attacks were repulsed.

A bold and successful attack has been made on the enemy's airship harbour shed at Ghent. The extent of the damage must have been considerable.

BLOWN FROM TRENCHES BY DYNAMITE.

How British Troops Captured 1,000 Prisoners in Battle of the Hill.

The story of the British attack on Hill 60—on Mont St. Eloi, as this eminence is otherwise known—is told in the *Journal*, says an Exchange Paris message. This French newspaper received from Hazebrouck the following details of the action.

After the attack developed on Saturday evening, in the environs of Ypres, the British succeeded in taking a very advantageous strategic position which the Germans had been desperately defending for weeks.

They blew up Mont St. Eloi with dynamite. Several German trenches were carried, and the British were thus enabled to advance for a distance of some 600 yards. A thousand German prisoners must have been captured.

On Sunday morning we had an opportunity of viewing the arrival of fifteen of them, including an officer.

These prisoners certainly had not a dejected air. They traversed the main streets of Hazebrouck in the midst of a curious crowd, and one of them surveyed the scene as if puzzled by all he saw.

The prisoners' clothing was in a deplorable state. One had no headgear, another had his jacket in tatters, and all were pleased to have been captured, after having had to pass the entire winter in the trenches.—Exchange Special

BRITAIN TO TREMBLE AGAIN.

Paris, April 21.—A telegram from Berne to the Agence Fournier says:—

The Germans assert that from Monday next the submarine blockade of Great Britain will be rendered much more effective, thanks to the employment of new submarines, which are being launched at the rate of two a week.

Hitherto the public has been much disappointed owing to the negative results of the blockade, and something is deemed necessary to restore confidence in the fleet.—Central News.

KAISER LOSES 4,000 MEN IN FIVE DAYS.

Heavy Losses in Onslaughts on British—Airmen Bombard General's Headquarters.

PARIS, April 21.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium an attack was made against the trenches captured by the British troops at Hill 60, near Zwartelen. It was repulsed. The losses of the enemy at this point since Saturday are from 3,000 to 4,000 men.

In Champagne, near Ville sur Tourbe, the Germans attempted to attack. Our artillery prevented them from leaving their lines.

In the Argonne, near Bagatelle, a quite local but very vigorous attack was stopped dead by our fire.

Between the Meuse and the Moselle we repulsed various attacks of unequal importance, some of them merely reconnaissances, one at Ailly Wood, five at Montmarie Wood, one at Le Pretre Wood.

300 GERMAN DEAD.

We attacked to the north of Flirey and captured another German trench. We established ourselves in it, and connected it with those which we had previously taken.

Our gain of the last few days thus extends over a continuous front of more than 700 yards. The enemy left more than 300 dead on the ground.

Our aeroplanes bombarded (1) in the Woëvre the headquarters of General von Strantz, and a number of convoys, (2) in the Grand Duchy of Baden, at Loerach, an electric power station.—Reuter.

BRUGES ARSENAL BOMBARDED.

PARIS, April 21.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

Between the Meuse and the Moselle, in the Montmarie Wood, two German counter-attacks on the line of trenches which we took yesterday were repulsed in the evening at 6.30 and at seven o'clock.

Belgian airmen have bombarded the arsenal at Bruges and the flying ground at Lissevegh.—Reuter.

AN AFRICAN MYSTERY.

AMSTERDAM, April 18 (delayed).—A Berlin telegram states:—

According to official news from German East Africa, strong enemy forces were beaten in two days' battle on January 18-19 near Jassin.

[A German wireless statement dated Berlin, Tuesday, but delayed by the Censor, speaks of the German troops "completely routing a strong corps which had been landed from British cruisers and transports."]

"The enemy lost some 200 killed. Four companies were captured, and the total losses of the enemy were about 700 men, 350 rifles, one machine gun, and 60,000 rounds of ammunition.

"The Isle of Mafia was occupied by the British on January 10-11.

"On January 22 the British light cruiser *Astraea* bombarded the Custom House on the Isle of Kwale and on February 1 the place of Kiwindje without doing any damage.

"The steamer *Adjutant*, which had previously been captured by the British after heavy fighting, was rendered incapable of further action when reconnoitring on February 6 at the mouth of the Rujidji, where it ran ashore.

"The crew, consisting of one officer, twenty-one men and two Lascares, were taken prisoners, and one man was killed and another severely

wounded, while on the German side there were no losses, in spite of a severe bombardment by the British light cruiser *Hyacinth*.

"At Kifurubira a British detachment of forty men was surprised by the Germans.

"The British retreated after losing seventeen dead, among them five Indians. There were no German losses. The British evacuated Bonachitani."—Reuter.

GERMANS DROP 100 BOMBS ON A TOWN.

Aeroplanes and Zeppelin Attack Russians—Civilians Among Killed.

PETROGRAD, April 21.—The following communiqué from the Russian Main Headquarters was issued here today:—

In Western Galicia, on the night of April 20, we repulsed an Austrian attack near Gorlice.

In the Carpathians on April 19 the enemy made abortive attacks on our positions in the region of Verkhnia, Yablonska, Polen and to the north of Orzopatak.

The enemy's offensive against the Polen height which was fought by us was marked by particular stubbornness.

The enemy's losses were very great.

A number of German aeroplanes appeared over Belostok on April 20 and dropped about 100 bombs, killing and wounding some of the civil population. No particular damage was done.

On the night of April 20 the town of Ciechanow was bombarded by a Zeppelin, but the bombs dropped did no damage.—Reuter.

The Russian official communiqué, says a Central News message, adds: "Russian aircraft of the Ilya Mourometz type have successfully bombarded the railway station at Soldau."

The Russian aircraft mentioned are giant biplanes designed by the Russian inventor Sikorsky. These aeroplanes carry regular crews instead of pilot and observer only.

FOE'S USE OF SOFT-NOSED BULLETS IN TOGOLAND.

"Within a fortnight of landing at Lome operations were brought to a successful conclusion with the unconditional surrender of Togoland to the British Government."

So reports Lieutenant-Colonel Bryant, who was in command of the expedition to Togoland, which German colony surrendered on August 23 last.

Of the Germans, Lieutenant-Colonel Bryant reports:—

"The Europeans appear to have used sporting rifles almost without exception, with hollow-nosed, lead-nosed and other types of expanding nickel-covered bullets of the worst possible kind.

In fact, the only legitimate ammunition used by the enemy at all seems to have been that fired in their machine guns. The contrast between the wounds inflicted by their ammunition and by ours was most marked."

"Major von Doering, the ex-acting Governor,"

it was stated in a report from Lieutenant-Colonel Rose, "admits the use of this ammunition, and states that it was not issued by the German Government, but was private property; and that, owing to the distance from headquarters, it was difficult to call in this ammunition."

This defence cannot be sustained, as all the European prisoners carried by us were operating along the railway line with Kamina as their base."

OUR ARMY OF 720,000 AT THE FRONT.

"Every Man Who Has Fallen Has Been Replaced," Says Mr. Lloyd George.

ALLIES' WAR FACTORY.

The British Army has more than thirty-six divisions of men at the front, and every man who has fallen has been replaced.

This interesting announcement was made in the House of Commons last night by Mr. Lloyd George.

[It may be pointed out in this connection that the British front is about thirty-six miles in length—a division to a mile. A British division is generally estimated at 20,000 men. Thus, roughly, we get eleven men to every yard. But it must be remembered that nothing like this number is in the firing line.]

Mr. Lloyd George's statement was made during a debate which raised the question:—

Are the Government taking the most effective steps to speed up the output of ammunition? It was opened by Mr. Hewins, the Unionist member for Hereford, who brought forward the following motion:—

That this House, while welcoming well-considered steps for increasing the mobility and efficiency of labour of opinion that it is urgently necessary that the resources of all firms capable of producing or of co-operating in producing munitions of war should be enlisted under a unified administration in direct touch with such firms.

Before the war, said Mr. Hewins, every firm capable of producing munitions of war ought to have been scheduled.

That was only being done now, months after the outbreak of war.

SHELLS FOR NEUVE CHAPELLE.

"Why was it not done at the beginning of the war?" he demanded.

Mr. Peto seconded the motion, and said that we were handicapped by the want of preparation on the scale requisite for the conduct of the war and by the failure of the Government.

In the course of his reply Mr. Lloyd George said that in a fortnight, at the battle of Neuve Chapelle, as much ammunition was spent as in the two and three-quarter years of the Boer War.

The Chancellor said we had had to expand enormously the output of ammunition, and in spite of enormous requirements we had still a considerable reserve.

At the present time, by methods of sub-contracts between 2,500 and 3,000 firms were employed in the manufacture of munitions of war.

Mr. Lloyd George gave members these figures of the increased output of ammunition:—

He said that if they took the figure 20 as representing the output in September, he could tell them that the figure in October was 90, in November 30, in December 136, in January 136, in February 256, and in March 338. (Loud cheers.)

One of the greatest difficulties had been with high explosives; but owing to the work of Lord Lovat we were not only adequately supplying ourselves but our Allies as well.

The Chancellor said there were still difficulties remaining, and the first was drink. He absolutely adhered to his previous statements on that question.

There was a small minority of workmen who were throwing works out of gear. It was no use saying there was no more drinking than usual.

ABNORMAL DRINK EVIL.

These were abnormal times, and they had to take abnormal measures with an evil which had become abnormal.

Mr. Lloyd George said he could tell the House that when the Government scheme was announced it would be found that the Government had approached the question solely from the point of view of munitions of war.

Mr. Bonar Law said Mr. Lloyd George's speech showed how thoroughly he realised the seriousness of the situation, but he was not nearly so satisfied with the optimism of the Prime Minister's Newcastle speech.

Sir R. Cooper made an interesting offer. If the Government wanted shells, he said, he was prepared to offer them a contract for 5,000,000 shrapnel shells at a price below what they were now paying.

Mr. Baker: I hope the hon. member will remember his offer.

The motion was negatived without a division and the House rose at 9.15.

TENNIS FOR CAPTIVES?

When the Prime Minister returns to the House of Commons to-morrow afternoon he will be asked by Sir F. Banbury to give a day for the discussion of the Whitepaper relating to the treatment of English prisoners of war in Germany.

Mr. Butcher will also ask whether German officers interned at Donington Hall are allowed to have anything as in a hotel; whether the prisoners are given every facility for playing squash racquets, football, hockey and lawn tennis; whether English girls are allowed to come and pay visits to German officers; and if so under what conditions.

*in the tower
14.4.15
My dear S.
I have just had a res
writing task fitted to my machine
and am trying it while up in the air.
My engine is beginning to go to the
devil, - vibrating very badly, and
the rather wiggly writing.
The gun is just settling, and a*

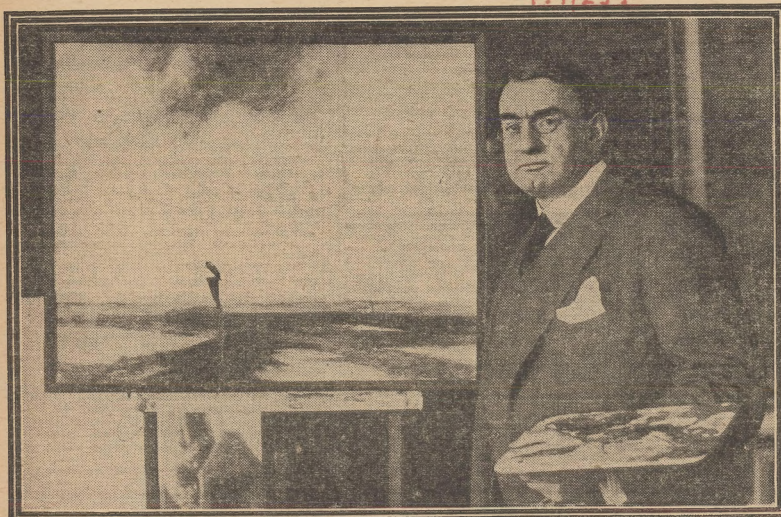
This letter was written by an officer in the Royal Flying Corps while he was over the German lines. It shows the steadiness of the machine.

WILTSHIRE FOLK SEE THEIR FIRST HIGHLAND GATHERING.



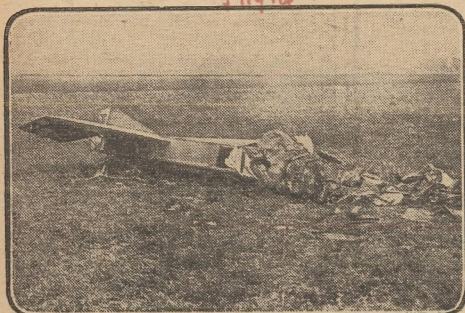
Great interest was aroused by the Highland gathering which was arranged by the men of a Scottish regiment now in camp in Wiltshire. This was the first function of its kind ever held in the county, and people came from miles around to attend. The picture shows a pillow fight in progress.

MR. DUDLEY HARDY'S STRIKING WAR PICTURE.



Mr. Dudley Hardy putting the finishing touches to his allegorical picture showing a raven seated on the butt-end of a rifle on the battlefield. It is entitled "Never More." An exhibition of this well-known artist's pictures will be opened next week at the Grafton Galleries.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

FAILED TO REACH PARIS.



The Taubes efforts to reach Paris have been singularly unsuccessful. This one was making for the French capital, but crashed to earth and was wrecked.

THE PEASANTS' FRIEND.



This is only one of the many kindly acts which "Tommy" is always glad to perform. He is pushing a wheelbarrow for a French peasant woman.

IN NEWS.



Captain J. W. Guthrie (Irish Guards), who has been wounded a second time.—(Langfieri.)



Miss Violet Asquith, one of the few ladies whose name appears in the Army List. She is a member of a nursing advisory council.

H.P. SAUCE

IS BRITISH ABSOLUTELY

Made in England at the largest Malt Vinegar Brewery. No sauce just like it—in fact, nothing nearly so nice.

Large Bottles. 6^d.

A CHILD'S STUDY AND EXERCISE.

Study does not usually hurt a child at school unless the studies occupy time that should be spent in outdoor exercise.

Overstudy and lack of exercise make thin, bloodless children. It is a combination that provokes St. Vitus' Dance; especially in the Spring. If your boy or girl at school is thin and pale, listless and inattentive, has a fickle appetite, and is unable to stand still or sit still, you must remember that health is much more important than education.

See to it at once that the child does not over-study, gets at least two hours' outdoor exercise every day, sleeps ten hours out of every twenty-four and takes a safe reliable tonic like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until the colour returns to cheeks and lips and appetite becomes normal.

For growing children who become pale and thin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not only safe but in most cases they are the very best tonic that can be taken. These pills build up the blood and strengthen the nerves and assist Nature in keeping pace with rapid growth.

Any dealer can promptly supply you with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People; buy them where substitutes are not offered.

You can obtain FREE two instructive books about the blood and the nerves if you send a postcard asking for copies to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Adv.)

HOW I DARKENED MY GREY HAIR.

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe, which I mixed at home, that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it: To 7oz. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound, 1oz. of bay rum and a 3oz. of glycerine. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the grey hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humours, and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp. You can obtain these ingredients from your chemist and prepare it at home at very little expense.—(Adv.)

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1915.

UNALTERABLE.

THE WAR (we were assured by experts) was certain to bring to an end many things that ought to have vanished long ago—things, indeed, that ought never to have existed at all, and never would have existed, had it not been for the corruption of manners due to a time of luxury. This puritanical office of purging war was welcomed by many of us, who hoped it would sweep away certain habits and indulgences in those of our neighbours we happened particularly to dislike. And you will at once be able to say what social custom you least regret, reader—what trait in our manners you are glad to know is abolished by the struggle.

Thinking over the social horrors that preceded the war, we decided the other day that none was less to be regretted—none more securely suppressed—than *dancing*.

We mean scarcely dancing as that innocent recreation used to be understood—a participation of two and two in whirling or wobbling steps round a hot room. Let those who enjoy it foot it as they like in that way: there is no objection. What we hoped had vanished, rather, was the form of prancing and posing known as the dance classical, the dance romantic, the dance imaginative, emotional, futurist, or whatever other epithet its exponents chose to apply to it. Surely you remember this thing! One went into some crowded room or theatre, and the hostess asked for space and silence, or else the curtain went up, and thereupon someone with huge dusty feet, and a tunic, and elbow arms, and a rapt or nervous expression, proceeded to caper imaginatively, filling out the gaps in the music with heart-sickening leaps, meaningless dashes, sudden thoughts rapidly corrected, and in sum all those cow-like curvets known by the neologism, as we suppose it is, of galumphing. These people—galumphed. She galumphed. Meagre, skinny, displaying a regrettable nudity, like an early Christian reverting pathetically to the bad old ways, even young persons of ascertained parentage and claimed respectability were induced by the great laws of imitation to bore their friends to frenzy in this manner. "It was so like Pavlova!" A murmur of flattery swept round the room. Don't applaud—she may do it again. She nearly always did. The *dance erotique* was followed by the *dance macabre*. How we loathed it! And then came the war. Pan, the great Pan, was dead. Those dusty large feet, this galumphing, ceased.

But remember—it never does to congratulate ourselves too soon. As soon as you say you are glad that top hats, for example, are dead, you meet a very large top hat to refute the supposition. And just as we were blessing the war for at least one service in its general ghastliness—for the service at least of ridding us of galumphers and galumphing, of *fantaisie silvestre* and *rêve asiatique*, behold, suddenly, in a place whither we were taken for an evening's alleged amusement—in this place, behold, there suddenly before us, once again, the feet, the dust, the meaningless dashes, the corrected first thoughts, the elbows! Great Heavens! The war hasn't killed it after all! W. M.

SWEETS OF THE YEAR.

Sweet birds antheing the morn;
In the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rook, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw,
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plum'd lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the Mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-shin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the Hawthorn-tree.
When the hen-bird's nest doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest. . . .

—KEATS.

SOME REFLECTIONS IN MY MIRROR

Lady Poulett.

LADY POULETT was at the Comedy Theatre the other night. She was wrapped in a long cloak of dark velvet, with a big white fox collar, and her hair was worn very high, the topmost puffs being secured by a long pale tortoiseshell pin studded with diamonds.

Ermine and Lace.

IN one of the boxes on the same night was Miss Alice Crawford. Her coat of white ermine with a coarse lace flounce about the knees was worn over a gown of white chiffon, having a charmingly arranged V-shaped neck outlined with a lace frill that rose at the back into a small Medici collar. Her dark hair was

when at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Mr. Daniel Amyand Haggard, youngest son of Mr. Alfred Haggard, late I.C.S., and Miss Phoebe Haggard, eldest daughter of the late John G. Haggard, R.N., and H.B.M.'s Consular Service, were married. The ceremony took place very quietly at eleven in the morning, and was attended by a number of relations and friends, but there was no formal reception.

Lady Townshend's New Play.

LADY TOWNSHEND tells me that she has written a play called "The King's Daughter," which is to be produced at a matinee at the St. James's Theatre on May 7. Lady Townshend is one of the most ambitious and energetic

HOME LIFE.

How the War Has Affected Problems of Domestic Interest.

NOT ABLE TO MARRY.

FOR ONE shall not be able to marry after this war. Life will be too penurious and taxes too high, I am one of those whose marriage has been "knocked on the head" by this war. Oakley-street, Chelsea. A MAN OF THIRTY.

QUIET EVENINGS.

I SHOULD think that "D." must have judged only by her own family when she states that one could not be content "to watch father snore and mother knit." My father and mother do neither one nor the other. And may one ask since when it has been "old-fashioned" to spend one's evenings at home. In my family we all look forward to our evenings after the busy day, when we can play a quiet game of cards or indulge in some music.

Of course, as "D." states, if one stands outside a picture theatre any evening one may see hundreds of people waiting to be entertained; but also, if one had the time, one could visit hundreds of homes where the members of the household are spending happy evenings.

Yes, many have been spoiled by the pleasure and excitement of this modern generation, but there are many also who still cling to the happiness of the home evenings, and who now so cling more than ever in this present world conflict.

AN ENGLISH DAUGHTER.

"LEST WE FORGET." MAY I appeal to you for a little space in your correspondence column in which to remind your many readers that Friday is St. George's Day!

Each year brings with it the painful reminder that Englishmen have less respect than the Irish for their patron saint.

Unfortunately, April 23 is not the time when roses are plentiful or cheap, and perhaps that is why the day is not better observed. This can be remedied by the wearing of a badge or rosette of red and white ribbon—the colour of St. George's flag.

My grievance is that seven out of every ten people are ignorant of the day, whilst at a time like this it would afford a favourable opportunity for a special patriotic demonstration and stimulant to recruiting.

GEORGIA.

DRINKING AND DRUNKENNESS.

SINCE it is not drinking but drunkenness that causes the trouble, would it not be beneficial to pass a law (for the duration of the war) making drunkenness punishable by a fortnight's imprisonment or a fine of £10 with severe penalties for subsequent convictions?

Without restricting the use of alcohol, this would do much to prevent its abuse.
R. G. ST. JOHN DELL.
South Pickenham Rectory, Swaffham.

IN MY GARDEN.

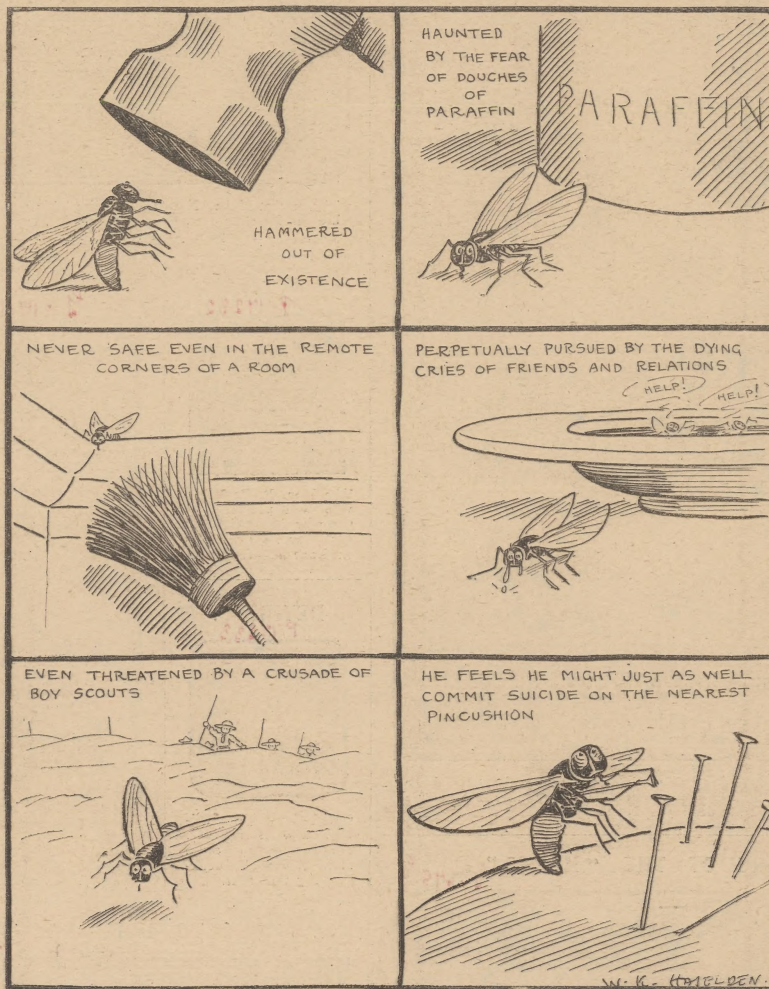
APRIL 21.—The recent brilliant sunshine has brought out masses of beautiful anemone flowers. Fulgens, with its bright scarlet blooms, has been gay for several weeks, also the delightful Gracian anemones in many shades of blue. Our native windflower (*memora*) is a pretty plant for shady bulb beds, where the yellow wood anemones can be easily cultivated.

Apennina is one of the most precious members of this family, the blossoms being a lovely shade of blue.
E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Bad health hates a man who is friendly with its enemies—hard work, plain food, and pure air. More men die from worry than from overwork; more stuff themselves to death than die of starvation.—G. H. Lorimer.

THE AWFUL FUTURE IN STORE FOR THE COMMON FLY.



People keep writing to the papers with all sorts of suggestions for making war on flies. It has even been hinted that the Boy Scouts may specially mobilise against them. Really it would save trouble if the flies committed suicide at once!—(By Mr. W. K. Hiebden.)

combed straight back from her brow and coiled smoothly on the crown of her head.

"Wild Thyme's" Adapter.

SEATED well in the shadow of the curtain and next to Miss Crawford, I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Golding Bright, who, as most people know, is George Egerton and translator and adapter of "La Belle Aventure" into the English "Wild Thyme." By the way, an extremely pretty little souvenir was given to each member of the audience at the Comedy on the first night. It was just a sprig of wild thyme tied with a scrap of red ribbon.

What Did It Mean?

I DON'T know whether the ladies present who received this token understood its significance. It might almost be called a recruiting mission on the part of Miss "Yellow Terris" and Mr. Seymour Hicks. Of course, you will have to see "Wild Thyme" in order to understand.

War Weddings.

THERE were several military weddings in the country yesterday, and a naval one in town,

of woman. When she is not writing poems she is busy arranging plots for cinematograph dramas, and she fills up spare time by writing new plays.

The Tiny Sunshade.

THOSE charming little grass green frilled early-Victorian parasols are going to be very popular this year, and so they should be, for the tiny sunshade is much more suitable for modern use than the large ones.

Better for the Man.

POOR man is an uncomfortable creature in an open motor-car with a woman friend carrying a large sunshade, but the tiny sunshade is quite sufficient for a woman to protect the head and shade the eyes and complexion.

The Newest Shade.

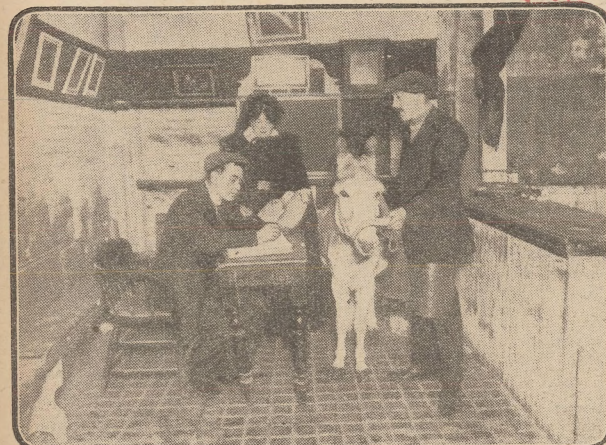
I SEE that a new colour has arrived, called liquorice powder. We have had tobacco, mustard, pepper and cayenne shades, but this strikes me as the most comical name for the colour of woman's dress.

GOEBEN SHELLS MONASTERY.



Shells from the Turco-German mad-dog cruiser Goeben bursting about the dome of the Russian monastery at St. Stefano, near Constantinople. Twenty monks were quartered in the building, which was destroyed, but they all managed to escape.

TAKING CARE OF THE "MOKES."



Registering a new guest at the home for "mokes" which has been opened in London by Sister Mabel (seen in the background). The home will take care of animals whose masters have answered their country's call.

NAVVIES' MASCOT.



The mascot of the "Navvies' Battalion" has a pick and shovel embroidered on his coat. The commanding officer of the battalion is Captain John Ward, "the navvies' M.P."

AN ENEMY



The aged Prince Leopold of Bavaria with his staff officers in France.

N.S.W. AGENT.



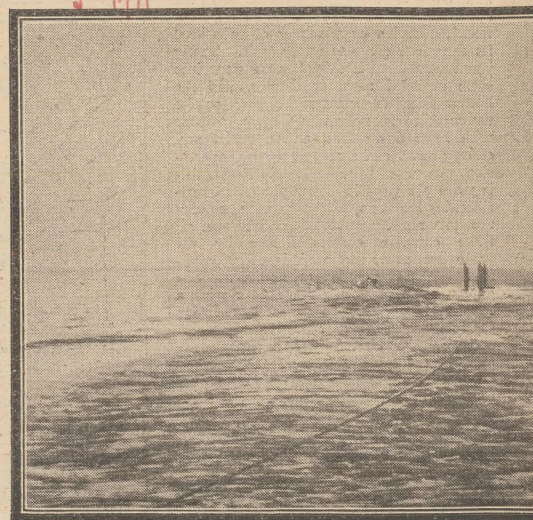
The Hon. B. R. Wise, who will probably be the new Agent-General for New South Wales in London.—(Sarony.)

RETIRING.



Police-Constable Welton, who is retiring. He has caught more than 2,000 speed-breaking motorists.

WHY THE GERMAN FLEET V



Gunners on board a British Dreadnought hit a target which is being drawn by a fast cruiser. They must keep their hand in during the long, long wait for Wilhelm's navy, and it is probably the noise of this gun practice.

TO HELP THE FATHERLESS: CLOTHING THE CH



Wearing their new clothes.

Mrs. Barrett, the wife of Commander Barrett, R.N., has founded the Naval Nursing



Mrs. Barrett

RIEND.

P. 17233



Ross Tollerton, who, injured, remained with officer for three days.

NAVAL BLONDINS.

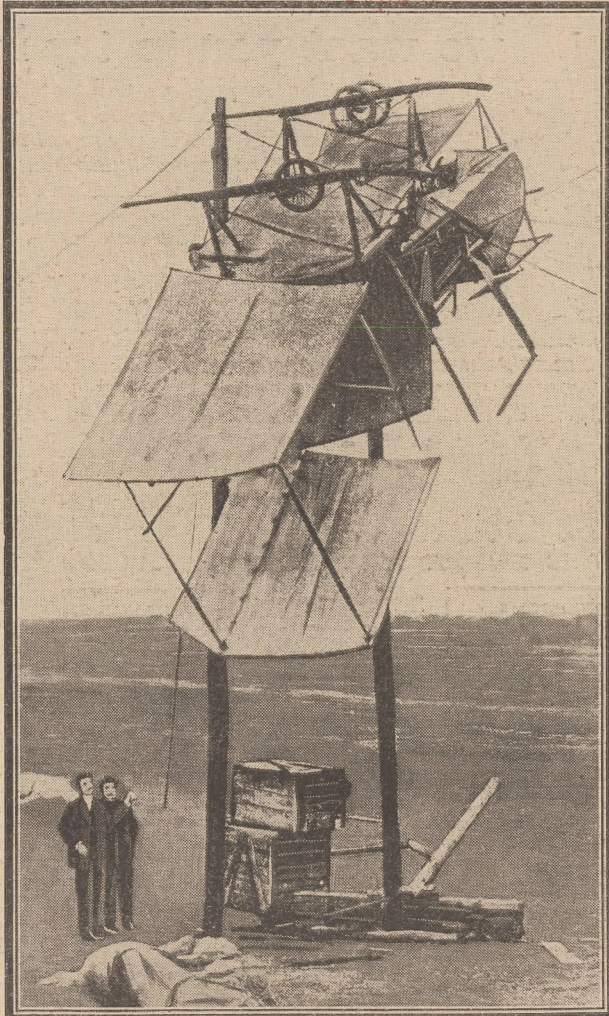
P. 1711 B



British naval officers practising tight-rope walking on the deck of their ship. They are quite expert, their "sea legs" having taught them to keep their balance.

LIGHTS HAD WRONG EFFECT.

P. 1711 H



Accident ends a night flight at the front. The poles were part of a scheme for illuminating the field and were meant to help the pilot to land safely, but he became confused by the blaze, with the result shown. He escaped injury.

AVE ITS SAFE RETREAT.



gives rise to rumours of great naval actions in the North Sea. Men wish these rumours were true, and would love to see the Canal appear on the horizon.

TO-DAY'S BRIDE.

P. 17221



Miss Gwendoline Pigott Conant, who is to be married to-day to Captain Darcy Griffith Jones, A.S.C.

A RESCUE.

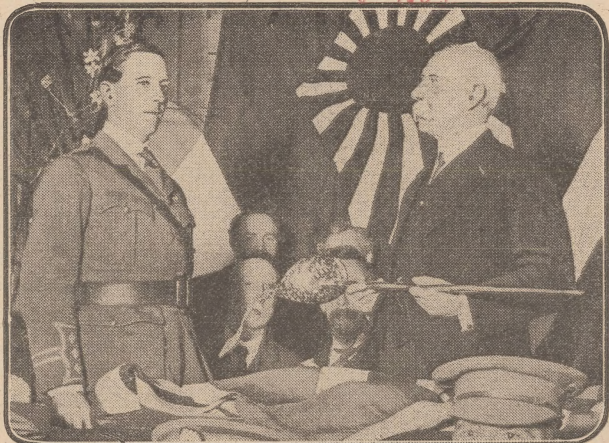
P. 17233



Chief Officer Pratt, of the Dover coastguards, who pluckily rescued a soldier from a perilous position.

SWORD FOR FIGHTING M.P.A.

P. 7503



Captain Raymond Greene, M.P. for North Hackney, receiving a cavalry sword from Sir John Runtz on behalf of his constituents. The Captain, who is attached to the 16th Lancers, has been in several engagements at the front.

OF OUR DEAD HEROES.

P. 17222

P. 1724 A

P. 17232



Off to see the pictures.

little girl. which looks after the Portsmouth children who have lost their fathers during the war.

FRIEND.

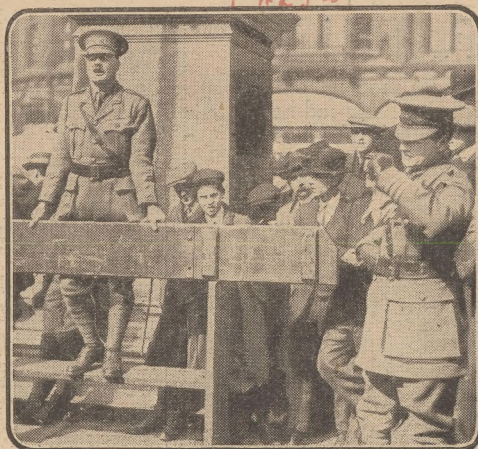
P. 14233



te Ross Tollerton, who, h injured, remained with ded officer for three days.

JESSOP RECRUITS.

P. 4292



Captain G. L. Jessop appealing for recruits at a meeting in Albert-square, Manchester. The famous cricketer recently obtained a commission in the Manchester Regiment.

"WILL DELIVER THE GOODS."

P. 282 F



Mr. Asquith speaking in the Palace Theatre at Newcastle.

LEAVE ITS SAFE RETREAT.



which gives rise to rumours of great naval actions in the North Sea. The men wish these rumours were true, and would love to see the Canal Fleet appear on the horizon.

TO-DAY'S BRIDE.

P. 14221



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A RESCUE.

P. 14233



Chief Officer Pratt, of the Dover coastguards, who pluckily rescued a soldier from a perilous position.

THE CHILDREN OF OUR DEAD HEROES.

P. 14230

P. 1474 A

P. 14230



Off to see the pictures.

a little girl. which looks after the Portsmouth children who have lost their fathers during the war.



Elswick workmen cheering the Premier.

Tyneside workers, to use their own words, have promised to deliver the goods, and when, after Mr. Asquith's speech at Newcastle, they were asked if they would pledge themselves to increase the munitions they literally roared their assent. Yesterday the Premier visited the Elswick shipyards.

'Mellin's' is the 'FRESH MILK' food: we want you to try it FREE!

It cannot be too plainly stated that the highest medical opinion favours *Fresh Cow's Milk* as the best basis for any hand-fed baby's diet—nor can it be too clearly repeated that Mellin's Food is the *best known medium* for so 'humanising' a cow's milk as to render it practically identical with mother's milk.

Far Superior to water-mixed Foods.

Writing recently, a doctor declared: 'I prescribe Mellin's Food largely, and find that made up with fresh cow's milk it is far superior to foods mixed with water only; and thousands of happy mothers have already proved the truth of this.'

Times without number, children who have failed to thrive on all else have rapidly 'gone forward' on Fresh Milk with Mellin's Food: incontinent weakness have disappeared, and the foundation of robust health has been truly laid.

Instantly adaptable for the strongest or weakest child.

There are certain vital properties in Fresh milk and in *fresh milk* only; but fresh milk alone is quite unsuited to a baby's digestive powers. Mix Mellin's Food with fresh milk and you have a food of the most perfect properties fully retained, but the whole is rendered digestible by even the feeblest infant. As the child grows, you simply increase gradually the quantity of Mellin's Food and milk in the right proportion.

Mellin's Food

THE NEAREST FOOD TO NATURE'S FOOD

FREE

So that every mother may satisfy herself of the value of Mellin's Food, we will send a Bottle Free on receipt of name and address, and with it we will send an authoritative Book on 'How to Feed the Baby.'

'My baby had bronchitis followed by Diarrhoea and Sickness, and was very weak. . . I believe that Mellin's Food saved her life.' Mrs. Wella, Vauxas, Mauritius.

'My little boy was so weak he developed double rupture, and the doctor gave little hope of recovery, but advised Mellin's Food. He is now a fine boy—thanks to Mellin's Food.' Mrs. Gardiner, Wodrop St., Bridgton, Glasgow.

SPECIAL WAR OFFER

The sustaining power of MELLIN'S CAMPAIGN CHOCOLATE makes it the most acceptable of gifts for Soldier or Sailor friends. Delicious as an emergency ration or as a drink. For name, with name, regimental number, and address of friend, we will forward 6 tins post free.



ADDRESS: SAMPLE DEPARTMENT, MELLIN'S FOOD, LIMITED, POKEHAM, LONDON, S.E.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

A OUTRIGER Service, 50 pieces, 25s; A1 silver-plated spoons and forks; finest Sheffield knives; ideal wedding outfit; everything new; perfectly new; approval will—Mrs. Howles, 56, Second Ave., Manor Park, Essex.

A RUSTIC Dainty China—100 perfect pieces, 21s, complete dinner set for 12, tea and breakfast set for 12, hot-water jug, teapot, and a set of 3 jugs; all to match; each piece thin and beautifully finished; write for free catalogue—Vincent Fine Art Pottery, 25, Burdett.

CHURCH Line at wholesale prices: 'Kompressor' (registered), Ward's Compressed Col. Lin. No. 29s; by 49s, qual. A, 13s. 6d.; qual. B, 15s. 6d.; other sizes in proportion. Write Dept. 5 for coloured design booklet and samples free. Ward's Furnishing Stores, Seven Sisters Corner, South Tottenham (Phone Tottenham 1632). Delivery free £1 and over.

DAVIS and Co. (Dept. 141), 26, Denmark Hill, London. Unredeemed Pledge Sale; special supplementary list of this month's unredeemed pledges now ready; sent free, list of 5,000 sensational bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine (items); it will save you pounds; all goods sent on seven days approval.

12/6—FIELD Race or Marine Glasses; Military Binoculars, 12s. 6d.; approval before payment.

12/6—LADY'S 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-embossed Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached; week's free trial; together, bargain, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

19/9—SUPERFINE quality Blankets, magnificent pattern, containing 10 exceptionally choice and large size Blankets; bargain, 19s. 9d.; approval willingly.

4/9—PRETTY Necklet, with heart pendant attached, set in velvet case; bargain, 4s. 9d.; approval willingly.

49/8—GENT'S Handsome Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Lever, Centre Second, high-grade chronograph stop watch (R. Stanton, London) with movement, timed to a minute a month; 20 years' warranty; day's trial; great bargain, 49s. 8d.; approval willingly.

12/6—GENT'S massive double Albert, 18-ct. gold (stamped filled) solid links, curb pattern; bargain, 12s. 6d.

21/6—BABY'S Long Oblong and perfect quality, 18-ct. gold cent. 72 articles; everything required; beautifully made garments, the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; bargain, 21s.; approval.

21/6—LADY'S solid Gold English hall-marked Watch Bracelet, with its own wrist, perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; bargain, 21s.

14/6—SOLID gold curb chain padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; bargain, 14s. 6d.; approval.

19/9—LADY'S Troussseau, 24 separate quality night-dresses, chemises, knickers, petticoats, combinations, etc.; bargain, 19s. 9d.; approval willingly.

22/6—SOLID Gold English hall-marked Keyless Watch Wristlet, with luminous hands and figures, so that time can be distinctly seen at night; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's trial; 22s. 6d.

3/9—LADY'S solid gold Marquise Ring, set one mass of lovely Pearls and rubies and turquoise, 3s. 9d.

8/6—MASSIVE curb chain padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold (stamped filled), in velvet case; bargain, 8s. 6d.; approval before payment.

8/6—LADY'S 18-ct. solid gold hall-marked Diamond and Sapphire doublet half-hoop Ring, set setting, large lustrous stones; bargain, 8s. 6d.; approval.

12/6—LADY'S Choice 18-ct. gold-cased Keyless Expanding Watch Bracelet; exquisite design; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; bargain, 12s. 6d.; approval before payment.

22/6—POWERFUL Field Marine and Race Glasses, as supplied to the War Office; 8 lens magnification; power, accurately adjusted; large field of vision; church clock distinctly seen 3 miles away; in brown English leather sling case; week's free trial; 22s. 6d.

DAVIS and Co. (Dept. 141), PAWNBROKERS, 26, DENMARK HILL, CAMBERWELL, LONDON.



POETRY

There is poetry within a

DUNLOP

tyre, prosaic as it may look,—
the poetry of motion, which
is only known to perfection
by those who fit Dunlop
tyres in preference to others.

For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. Brand. EVERY EVENING, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Revival, 'VERONIQUE,' a Comic Opera. Mats, Weds, and Sat, at 2.

BOJOPPE. 10-10. Tel. 2645 and 2888. Ger. AMBASSADORS. "ODDS AND ENDS." Revue by Harry Gratian, at 9.10. Mme. Hanako and Coy. in a New Comedy, OVA, 8.30. Mats, Today and Sat, at 2.30.

COMEDY. Tonight, at 8.30, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS and Miss ELLAINE TERRISS in 'THE TWO DOLLS' by George Egerton. MATS, WEDS, and SATS, at 2.30.

CRITERION. Ger. 3844, Reg. 3365. Zillah Covington and Entire American Company. Nightly, 9 p.m. Mats, Wed, and Sat, at 8. Preceded, 8.30 and 2.30, by The Artists (Entertainers).

DALY'S. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production. SATURDAY Next, April 24. Box-office now open.

DRURY LANE. SEALED OYSTERS. 7.30. MARIE HILLINGTON, C. M. HALLARD, EDWARD BASS, MATINEE, WEDS, and SATS, at 1.45.

Box-office, Ger. 2598. Special prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

DUKE OF YORK'S. TO-DAY, at 3.15 and 9. Charles Frohman presents MILES DEWILLY in ROSY BAPTISTE. Preceded, at 2.30 and 8.15, by THE NEW WORLD. Both plays by J. M. Barrie. Matinee, Every Thursday and Saturday, at 2.30.

GARRICK (Ger. 9519). IVONNE ARNAUD. Today, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, at 8.

"THE GIRL IN THE TAXI." Close. Every, 8.15. Mat., Wed, Sat, 2.30.

MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEO O MY HEART. HAYMARKET. At 3 and 8.30. QUINNEN'S. HENRY ARNOLD and GODFREY TEARLE. At 2.30 and 8, FIVE BIRDS IN A CAGE.

ELLIE JEFFERYS and GODFREY TEARLE. Mat. Thurs. KINGSWAY. Tonight, at 8.30, ADVERTISEMENT. A Play by B. Macdonald Hastings.

MATS, WEDS, and SATS. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. EVENINGS, at 8 (for two weeks only).

Charles Dickens's OLIVER TWIST. HERBERT TREE. CONSTANCE COLLIER. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.

ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. DENNIS EADIE. At 8.15. Mat. Thurs, Sat, 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. SIR GEORGE ARNOLD. Every Evening, at 8.30, a New Play. Mats, Weds, and Sat, at 2.30. Box-office (Ger. 3903).

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PERSONAL.

ELSTIE.—10.45 Tuesday, 27th, as arranged.—George I. RECEIVED all, dearest. Dinna forget. Love Number 10. PENITENT and sorry. Woman forgiven. Edith, please write.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; Ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st. W.

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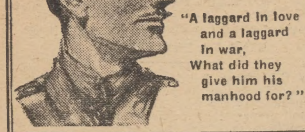
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We have just published the following:—
"Why you should study Electricity, and How."
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Each of these little books is full of useful Formulae Tables, Information, etc. By way of advertisement we shall give away 1,000 COPIES FREE.
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RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps because of an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is doing in his club-room. Just lately his lax severity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham. His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's just like a soldier in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken with a variety of emotions.

Whilst waiting to have the matter out with Montague in the latter's rooms he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki. The latter explains that he has put in for active service.

A week or two later he returns wounded, but not badly.

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton. A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she learns the truth. It is brought more and more home to Sonia how much she really cares for him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night!

Throwing everything to the winds, Sonia makes a desperate effort to see him off at Waterloo. But the crowd is too great. She can only catch a glimpse of him—he is smiling at a nurse—Nurse Anderson—and as the train moves out she faints. Whilst fighting for his life in a perfect inferno, Chatterton hears the stunning news that Sonia is married to Montague. He tries to put the whole thing from him. In a terrific struggle, in which shrapnel is falling like rain, he is wounded, an officer trying to crawl to safety. With a bound Richard Chatterton is out of the trench and racing to him.

In the face of incredible difficulties he rescues him. Then he deliberately goes out again and brings in Carter, his old valet. He just reaches the trench when he collapses, badly wounded.

In London the news is published that Chatterton is dead, but that he has been awarded the V.C. first. Montague insults Chatterton's memory, and Sonia, realising that she cannot possibly marry him, runs away. She has barely gone when Jane bursts in with the great news that Chatterton is alive, after all!

Old Jardine has a stormy scene with Montague when the latter is told about Sonia running away. He is more staggered when he hears that Chatterton is not dead.

At Victoria Station, where Sonia has vaguely gone, she runs into Nurse Anderson, and also hears the wonderful news. She is almost faint. Her heart is taken out of her joy by the astounding fact that the pretty nurse is wearing Richard's ring.

Sonia finds sanctuary in the lodgings of a former old servant, Mrs. Simpson. She tells Sonia that her husband works for Mr. Montague.

Richard Chatterton, lying in a base hospital sorely wounded, turns round to see old Jardine standing at his bedside. The latter tells him the wonderful news that Sonia is not married after all.

Old Jardine suddenly receives a telegram from Lady Merriam which says, "Come home at once."

THE DREAM.

OLD Jardine sat staring before him with blank eyes. "Come home at once."

There was no mistaking the prepotent command as being Lady Merriam's; without the attached name he would have known the message to be hers; for a moment the narrow dining-room rocked before his eyes.

Something disastrous must have happened, or she would never have wired when they had already agreed between them the night of his departure that he should stay in France until such time as he would be able to bring Richard Chatterton home with him.

Something had happened—but what? And then in a flash he knew—Sonia! . . . something had happened to her—something . . . good heavens! after all these weeks of scheming and uncertainty was everything to be spilt at the eleventh hour?

He rose from the table in a panic, and was out in the hall shouting for a time-table in excited and execrable French—

"Donnez-moi le train pour Paris! . . . what's the word for time-table in your beastly language? . . . Don't stand there grinning at me, sir! This last to the proprietor, who had hurried forward all smiles and attention. I want a time-table . . . train! locomotive! London!"

The last word was an inspiration; a flash of

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

intelligence overspread the smiling countenance of mine host.

"Monsieur wishes to leave! Alas! what desolation! But he would inquire . . . stairs to his bedroom, where he threw his few belongings in a bag, and sat on it to make the bulging sides meet.

He was racked with fear. For the moment he had forgotten everything but Sonia. It was like a douche of cold water in his hot face to realise that he would have to see Chatterton again—to invent some story, to give some plausible excuse for his sudden flight homewards.

But it would not be possible to see him again that night; equally impossible to depart without seeing him. Chatterton was a sick man, and he loved Sonia.

Old Jardine cooled down suddenly. . . . He unstrapped the bursting portmanteau, brushed his hair, and descended the stairs.

"I am not going till the morning. Never mind about the trains. . . . Get me some coffee and a liqueur brandy. . . ."

But he never slept a wink all night. He was up at the first sound of life in the house, and downstairs demanding breakfast at an absurdly early hour.

He had made elaborate calculations, and reckoned that with any degree of luck he could be in London that night; even allowing for slow trains and a bad crossing.

Old Jardine had said more to—what was wrong! But that was just like a woman—to put a man on the rack and leave him there.

By the time he went to the hospital old Jardine had worked himself into a fine state of nerves.

A less observant man than Richard Chatterton would easily have seen that something was the matter; Richard asked the question at once. . . .

"What has happened?" Old Jardine blustered. "Happened!—nothing! What on earth could have happened? . . ."

Chatterton laughed rather weakly. "You can't deceive me! I've seen you like this before. Have you been arrested for a German spy, or what?"

"The idea! I'd like to meet the Frenchman who'd raise!"

His fierceness collapsed suddenly.

"You're right, my boy; something is the matter; I've got to go back to London this afternoon." Chatterton's face changed.

"You said you were not going till I could come with you."

"I know I did—and I meant it; but I had a telegram late last night. . . . from—well, from Lady Merriam; and I must go back at once on important business."

"What business?"

The question came bluntly; there was a gleam of anxiety in Chatterton's eyes.

Jardine tried to invent something; tried hastily to conceal his own anxiety.

"I don't know," he said with desperation at last. "I don't know, and that's the solemn truth; I wish I did."

"It's Sonia!" The quiet conviction of Chatterton's voice frightened old Jardine; he looked down at him with startled eyes.

"Good heavens!—how on earth do you know?" Chatterton coloured a little.

"I do know, and that's all about it. I'm not a superstitious fellow—you know that!—but last night . . . well, I had a dream. . . ."

Old Jardine breathed more freely; he even laughed. "A dream! pooh!—you're not going to ask me to believe. . . ."

"I am! . . . I can't remember it all clearly, but Sonia was in it, and I heard her call out to me distinctly. . . ."

He spoke a little shamefacedly, as if he disliked his own confession.

"I don't know where she was—but I heard her voice as clearly as if it had been in the next room. . . ."

"Dick? . . . Dick? . . ."

He echoed the words slowly—almost as if in imagination he were listening again to that dream voice; there was a little flush in his thin face; suddenly he gave a bitter exclamation.

"If I could only come with you! If only I need not lie here—a helpless log. . . ."

"My dear boy. . . ."

Chatterton burst out with sudden passion. "She's in trouble—I know she is. What would you feel like if the woman you loved was in trouble, and wanting you, and you couldn't get to her? . . . Oh, I know it's unreasonable—but to have to lie here—"

He broke off abruptly.

Old Jardine looked very sympathetic.

"If you're right, and it is Sonia—you know I'll do everything in my power, Dick; and I'll let you know the moment I reach London; you shall know everything I know myself. . . ."

"If it's good news, I know you will, but—if it's bad you'll keep it back. Oh, I know you. . . ."

STRANGE NEWS.

THERE was a sort of rage in his voice; old Jardine rubbed his chin.

"It may be nothing to do with Sonia," was all he could think of to say; but in his heart he knew that Richard was right.

"You ought to have gone last night, straight-away," said Chatterton, with all a lover's unreasonableness. "Eight hours wasted, that's what it means. . . ."

"My dear boy. . . ."

Chatterton's ill-humour vanished.

"I know I'm a selfish beggar. . . . but you'll promise to let me know everything, won't you?—swear it!—even if she's dead. . . ."

"Good heavens, man!"

"Well—if we are prepared for the worst we

shall, probably hear something better. Chatterton insisted obstinately. . . ."

"And, besides, there are worse things than death. . . ."

With sudden bitter remembrance of the hours through which he had lived, wanting to die, after he had heard of Sonia's marriage. . . .

"There's just one thing I forgot to tell you," old Jardine came back to say, after he had reached the door. "That letter of yours—you remember giving me a letter? . . . well—well, I gave it to Sonia. You were reported dead, you know, Dick, and. . . . well, that's all."

"Thank you." Chatterton's voice sounded very fagged; he lay back closing his eyes before old Jardine had gone.

If only he were well and strong!—if only he could cast off this appalling weakness and find his man's strength again.

That dream had been so vivid. What could have happened to her! Sonia—his beloved. . . .

His whole body writhed with impotent pain as he lay there, for once he forgot physical pain in his agony of mind.

When the doctor came round later Chatterton asked him a curt question. . . .

"How long before I can get about again?"

The young man looked mildly surprised; this was the first energetic sign of wishing to get well his patient had shown; he answered guardedly—

"It depends entirely on yourself. . . ."

"But how soon—at the very best?"

"You mean before you can walk and live an ordinary life?"

"Yes." The young man considered.

"A couple of months, perhaps—if everything goes well," he said then evasively.

Chatterton groaned.

"Two months!" It seemed a lifetime.

The lad in the next bed, who had lost an arm, looked round sympathetically.

"What's up, sonnie?" he asked.

The doctor had gone on his rounds, but Chatterton did not answer.

All day in thought he was following old Jardine back to London; second by second he seemed to go each step of the way with the old man till they stood together at the door of the hotel where Sonia had stayed with Lady Merriam. But there he could go no further. There though imagination ran rife, he could not see what happened next. He could only eat his

heart out in anxious conjecture. But in reality old Jardine did not arrive until hours after Chatterton had imagined. The French train crawled—once it was held up for an hour in a siding, and even when the boat was safely boarded the sea was so rough, and there was so much delay, that the short journey took nearly double its usual time.

So it was not until early the following morning that old Jardine took a taxi-cab down the Strand to Lady Merriam.

He had sent a wire from Dover, and her ladyship was ready waiting for him.

"I thought you were never coming," she said hysterically, without any attempt at a greeting.

Practically two whole days I've been pacing up and down here waiting myself to a shadow. . . ."

"I came as soon as I could. And now I am here, in Heaven's name what is the matter?"

"It's Sonia, of course!" For once her ladyship went straight to the point. "I knew that it would be when you wouldn't let me advertise for her. I knew something awful would happen—and now you see my words have come true. . . ."

"You can't blame me—I told you."

"It was on Monday morning—the day after you left me—I was just going out when some woman arrived here. I'd never seen her before in my life, but she declared that before she married she used to be a servant down at Burvale in Richard Chatterton's time. . . ."

She certainly knew all there is to know about the family, and she told me a most extraordinary story. She said that Sonia had been staying with her at her house near Victoria—I couldn't believe it!—but she declared it was true. . . ."

It appears that she has let lodgings since her marriage—the woman, I mean, not poor, dear Sonia!—and that in his spare time her husband works for. . . . now you'll never guess for whom?"

"I'm not going to try to go on."

Lady Merriam looked nettled.

"Well, for Francis Montague; he cleans his ears and does odd jobs like that in the garage; and this man recognised Sonia as the girl Montague was looking for. . . ."

It appears the wretched creature has instituted a regular detective service to trace her, poor child! I don't know whether you have ever thought that Francis wasn't quite right in the head, George, but. . . ."

"Never mind his head now—I'll break that for him later—or Chatterton will," said old Jardine savagely. "What else? That can't be all."

Lady Merriam began to cry.

"But that is all—at least, it's all except that he called round at the house to see her—last Monday, that was—in the afternoon—about an hour before the woman Simmonds, or whatever her name is—came to see me—and he took Sonia away with him in his car."

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.



Read the Stirring Article by Marie Corelli on Workers and "Shirkers"

"WAR ILLUSTRATED"

Finest Weekly Picture Record of the War

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

"Quinney's"—a Success.

I think that "Quinney's" Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's new play at the Haymarket, is likely to be one of the successes of the theatrical season. To begin with, it has a human story and sustained interest. Moreover, its atmosphere is a refreshing antidote in war times. And, finally, it is splendidly acted by Mr. Henry Ainley as Mr. Quinney, Godfrey Tearle as a manly young hero, Miss Marie Hemingway as the heroine, and Mr. A. E. Poulton as a delightful swindling uncle.

Fake or Genuine?

The story is all about a dealer in antiques who refuses to let his pretty porcelain-like daughter marry his foreman. He believes the young man to be a "fake," and for a time the author manages things in such a way that the audience is inclined to agree with him. But of course this young fellow—played by Mr. Tearle—turns out to be the real article at the finish. So everything ends happily.

Success Assured.

The audience was very enthusiastic, and success would seem to be assured. I noticed Miss Winifred Emery visited again a theatre which has been the scene of so many of her former triumphs. She appeared to thoroughly enjoy the new play.

Birds in a Cage.

Before "Quinney's" we had a delightful little one-act comedy by Miss G. E. Jennings called "Five Birds in a Cage." This is as novel in its idea and as lively in its treatment as other of Miss Jennings's plays. The scene is a lift on the Underground Railway. It breaks down, and the Duchess of Wiltshire, played by Miss Ellis Jeffreys, is made a temporary prisoner with four other strangely assorted persons. In its sphere, this trifle is a triumph of comic characterisation. I laugh even now when I think of that liftman.

Lord Winterton, M.F.H.

To his numerous roles, which include that of specialist in strange hats, the member for the Horsham Division of Sussex is adding another—that of Master of Fox Hounds, I hear. Lord Winterton has been elected Master of the Chiddingfold Hunt, a sporting pack whose country is in the neighbourhood of his seat, Shillingfold Park, Sussex. Though a politician first, Lord Winterton is devoted to sport and country life, and enjoys nothing better than a good run with the Chiddingfold or the fine pack hunted by his friend and neighbour, Lord Leonfield.



Lord Winterton.

East End Property.

Lord Winterton, who sits in the Lower House—he is an Irish peer—stands 6ft. 3in., and has a keen, clean-shaven face and well-set-up figure. He is a great favourite in society. He owns much house property in St. George's-in-the-East, which probably pays him better than his agricultural lands. Lord Winterton has an enormous number of influential relatives, including among his first cousins three dukes—their Graces of Buccleuch, Marlborough and Abercorn.

His Turn.

Percy Tarling, of the Grumblers, the clever couple who have made such a hit at the Coliseum, told me a good golfing story last night. Two friends met at the end of their respective rounds. "What did you do your first hole in?" asked the first. "Four," said the other. "What did you?" "Three," was the reply. "Oh," sniffed the second one; "what did you do your second hole in?" "Ah," smiled the first man quickly, "it's my turn to ask first."

Men and Munitions.

After Mr. Asquith's fine speech on Tuesday the North-country worker, he who fights for his country in the munition factories, becomes unusually interesting. In the next issue of the *Sunday Pictorial* Mr. Bottemley is writing a very fine article on the subject of munitions of war and the men who make them, founded on his recent personal experiences with the Clyde workmen. No. 7, as I said yesterday, will be a perfect number.

Arabian Nights Atmosphere.

There should be a sort of Arabian Nights atmosphere about the Savoy on Saturday, for Mlle. Arzene Ter-Ohanian, the Persian dancer, is going to assist at Miss Gertrude



Mlle. Arzene Ter-Ohanian.

Townsend's "Thé Dansant" in aid of the Belgian Red Cross. Mlle. Ter-Ohanian is bringing her wonderful orchestra with her, and I hear that a big crowd is expected.

Just Gas.

The classic cry "Gott strafe England," so "Eye-Witness" tells us, is now being painted on the gasometers in German towns. Just about where it belongs, I should say.

A Little Tired.

I met Miss Edna May (Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn) at the Carlton the other day. She looked rather tired, and told me she was feeling far from well. Still, she is sticking bravely to her rehearsals at Drury Lane for "The Masque." Afterwards she hopes to go to America for two months.

Stars at a Table.

"Two months in America every year always makes me feel fit and well again," said the Belle of New York. She had lunch with Miss Elsie Janis, and at the next table sat our former Lord Mayor, Sir Vansittart Bowater.

Mr. Dudley Hardy's Pictures.

I shall make an early call at the Grafton Galleries on Monday to see Mr. Dudley Hardy's exhibition of war pictures. I have had a glimpse of a few subjects in the collection. I think we shall find them the most remarkable collection that this war has yet produced.

He Returned to Conquer.

Mr. Dudley Hardy has been working in France for some years, but on the outbreak of war he returned to England, thinking that art was a thing of the past for the present in France. Then he met a friend who advised him to go back to France at once, study war scenes and paint war pictures. The result has been remarkable. By the way, as an innovation at picture shows we are to have tea and music at the Grafton Galleries

Very Fond of Moving.

I have a colleague who suffers very badly from the moving habit. He has been married three years and has already moved five times, trying in turn house, flat, country place, town house and now a flat again. He says that it is entirely due to circumstances, but admits that the rapid change from place to place is exhilarating.

Come to a Stop.

But he has had to come to a stop just now. Yesterday morning he walked into the office of a Golders Green removal contractor, but was amazed to find that he could not take any orders. The reason given is that the men have joined the Army and the horses have been taken over by the authorities. Now he will have to stay at least another three months in the same house.

Author's Readings.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston is reviving an old custom in giving readings from his own novels. One of Mr. Thurston's reading recitals takes place at the Æolian Hall this afternoon. I don't know what subject he will choose, but I imagine his audience hope "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," that charming novel of his that had such a "boom" a few years ago.

Owing!

Have you noticed the missing letter in a Strand tea shop notice? The letter is "O." The notice now reads—
NO TIPS ALL WED.

Always Remember It.

The Gaiety tradition and spirit never seem to die. Those who have ever been connected with the theatre never forget it. I was reminded of this when I looked in at the Gaiety the other evening to see how things were going for "To-Night's the Night." The first thing I was shown was a pile of letters from one-time Gaiety girls from all over the country, all wishing the very best of luck for the reopening. Some of the "girls" had got on and were in better social positions than others; but each one had the same interest and affection for their old theatre.

Luxury.

Some of the "Specials" get all the luck. The two "citizen policemen" who patrol outside the electric light station near Red Lion-square have not only comfortable-looking sentry boxes provided for them, but in each box is an electric stove supplied apparently from the dynamos inside the building.

Get Up Late and Be Beautiful.

It came rather as a shock to me when I read in the May "London Magazine" charming Miss Madge Titheradge announcing: "I should not be surprised if it were discovered that early rising is a habit that has gone far to wreck the constitution and beauty of many a young girl." Miss Titheradge contributes to an article on the "Ten Commandments of Beauty." And her commandment is "Sleep long and late." She ought to know.

Russia's War Minister.

General Soukhomlinoff, who is Russia's War Minister, has been telling America what he thinks of the state of things, and his opinion makes very cheerful reading. Soukhomlinoff, you remember, was the man who at the beginning of the war insisted that Russia was prepared. General Soukhomlinoff says the spirit of the Austrian Army is broken, and he also says that prohibition in Russia is the best thing that ever happened to that country.



General Soukhomlinoff.

Salt Herring Lunch.

A friend of mine has had many opportunities of meeting the General, and has given me many entertaining descriptions of him. The Russian War Minister is one of the "old-fashioned" Russians of the Moscow school, and has always had the utmost contempt for the German cliques of Petrograd. Unlike the Russians who love "little Mary," the General always makes a lunch of salt herring, dry bread and beer.

P's and Q's.

The missionary said that when he first went to China he had a good deal of difficulty in remembering faces. "I'm getting over my difficulty now," he said one day to a mandarin, "but in the beginning, here in Hankow, you all look as like as two peas." "Two peas?" said the English-speaking mandarin, smiling. "Why not say two queues?"

The River Season.

The Phyllis Court Club, just beyond the picturesque eighteenth century bridge at Hareley-on-Thames, opens on April 23, but it goes without saying that many a well-known habitués will be missing this year. This popular up-river headquarters will therefore not have quite the same appearance as usual.

Prospects.

Despite the war, riverside prospects are fairly good, I am told. There is much to be made up. The breaking out of the war early last August killed the remainder of the season, and boatmen and others had a disastrous time. The previous year was none too good, and many have barely managed to scrape along in the hope of better things in 1915. Professional fishermen, too, have been hard hit lately. The Thames was not, through the heavy rains, often fishable, and when anglers might have had sport they did not go out "owing to the war." THE RAMBLER.

FREE CURE FOR ALL URIC ACID COMPLAINTS.

For All Readers Suffering From Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Etc.

FAMOUS LONDON PHYSICIAN'S SPLENDID GIFT TO THE PUBLIC.

A world-famous London scientist and physician is offering to the public as a special gift free supplies of the most successful of all prescription-preparations for the cure of their Uric Acid complaints.

All who suffer the ceaseless pain of Rheumatism, the agony of Sciatica or Lumbago, the scorching pangs of Gout, or the maddening irritation of Neuralgia can have this famous cure in their hands immediately, free of charge.

Whatever remedies you have hitherto tried, this most successful of all—"Urilac"—may be accepted without hesitation. Simply write as instructed below and your free supply, together with instructive medical treatise and full directions, will be sent by return.

It is quite a liberal supply you will receive. From the very first moment of taking it you feel a wonderful relief. A grateful restlessness steals over your pain-racked nerves as steadily and surely this unique specific combines with the blood and rids your system of its terrible burden of Uric Acid.

How terrible a burden it is the reader may judge from the following symptoms—only a few of the most common—

Stiff, Painful Joints.
Aching Back.
Swollen, Burning Feet and Hands.
Dull, Gnawing Nerve Pains.
Cutting Pains in the Legs.
Throbbing Convulsive Pains in the Temples.
Acute Aching Round the Eyes.
Rheumatoid Arthritis.
Draughts of Cold Air "Cutting" the Skin.
Feverishness and Excessive Shivering.

Whoever of these symptoms you may experience from your Uric Acid trouble, you will find "Urilac" effect a lasting and complete cure without interfering with the digestion in the slightest. "Urilac" has only one object—to carry away from the system the Uric Acid that would otherwise form in the system as crystallised or chalky accumulations.

There is no need even to write a letter for your free trial supply. Simply say "Please send me a free supply of Urilac," give your name and address, and enclose in an envelope with 2d. stamps for postage, etc. The envelope must be addressed to The Urilac Co., Dept. D.M., 183, Piccadilly, London, W.

"Urilac" may be obtained at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. from all chemists, or post free from the above address.—(Adv't.)

'TOUCHWOOD' THE MAGIC CHARM.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA was so delighted with this magic charm that Her Majesty purchased a number of them; no wonder, he is such a quaint little oddity, firmly believed in for thousands of years as a sure bringer of good luck, happiness and prosperity.



THE WONDERFUL EASTERN MASCOT.

The Eastern people call him their Holy Charm because his head is made of sacred oak and his arms and legs either of gold or silver. His weird little eyes hold a curious fascination; they are set with real gems of the Zodiacal signs.

Together with a concealed Photograph of His Majesty The King, Lord Kitchener, Admiral Jellicoe, General French, President Poincaré, etc., Each one is mounted on a Sterling Silver Gurkha Knife Brooch.

They are obtainable from all the Leading Jewellers and Stores, or send direct with remittance to

MESSRS. H. BRANDON & CO., 317, High Holborn, London, W.C., at the following prices:—

Sterling-Silver Touchwood, with Gurkha Knife Brooch, 2s. 6d. each, in 9ct. Gold Ball End Brooch 7s. 6d. each. All post free. Send one to your Boy or Girl Friend for Luck.

THERE IS NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

BRANSON'S

SPADE COFFEE

STILL

5½d. & 10½d.

BLACK JESTER WINS.

City and Suburban Falls to Mr. J. B. Joel's Champion—Duggie's Fine Victory.

Mr. J. B. Joel's Black Jester, carrying top weight, put up a splendid performance at Epsom yesterday in winning the City and Suburban from Diadumenes. Dan Russell and eleven others—a field which included some of the best handicappers in training.

In the Derby last year Dan Russell finished in front of Black Jester, but yesterday Mr. Joel's St. Leger winner gave him 10 lbs. and a very decisive beating. Mr. Buchanan's colt acted as leader for a long way, but after Woodville had momentarily threatened danger after rounding Fattenham Corner Black Jester drew away and beat Diadumenes very easily by three-quarters of a length.

It was Mr. J. B. Joel's third victory in the City and Suburban, Dean Swift having scored in 1906 and 1908, and his fourth success at the meeting this week.

With the weather delightfully fine, there was a much bigger crowd than on the opening day, and to the general delight favourites carried all before them. That smart colt, Duggie, put up a splendid display in winning the Hyde Park Plate, for he gave the Turpitude colt two lengths in the last hundred yards and won by a neck.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

SANDOWN PARK.	
2. 0.—RANGAG.	3. 40.—HELVIA C.
2. 50.—POTAMIDES F.	4. 10.—POLLEX.
3. 10.—LUX.	4. 40.—HEROD AGRIPPA.
POWELL RACE.	
2. 45.—GLASS ROCK.	3. 45.—CURRAGHOUR.
4. 10.—AERUCHOT.	
DOUVELE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.	
*LUX and HELVIA C.	DOUVERIE.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

EPSOM.	
1. 30.—TADWORTH PLATE. 61.—RADIANT (9.4. W. Huxley), 1; Sirius III (5.1), 2; Mediator (10.50), 3. Also ran: National Anthem (6.1), New York, Malheur, Sail Cloth, Northcliffe, and Lavender (10.50).	
2. 5.—BLETCROFT T.V.O PLATE. 51.—MISS GRIFZ (7.4. J. Clark), 1; Queen's Bridge (7.4), 2; King of York (10.1), 3. Also ran: Queen's Bridge (7.4), 2; King of York (10.1), 3. Also ran: Queen's Bridge (7.4), 2; King of York (10.1), 3.	
2. 40.—COPTHERNE PLATE. 1m. PREVOSTANT (3.1. Donoghue), 1; Paxton (10.50), 2; Sunrise III (5.1), 3. Also ran: Macanther (5.1), Gurkha (8.1), Arrist (10.1), Halberd (10.50), Gun Shoe, St. Marc, Salt of the Lens, High and Dry, Kilmaster and Father Greener (10.50).	
3. 15.—CITY AND SUBURBAN HANDICAP. 1m. BLACK JESTER (11. W. Huxley), 1; Diadumenes (10.7), 2; Dan Russell (10.9), 3. Also ran: Polygates (10.7), Carancho (10.1), Screamer and Woodville (10.50), Candidity (10.50), Honeycomb and Frillands (6.1), Florist, Clear and Sir Eggar (25.1) Janice II (35.1).	
3. 50.—HYDE PARK T.V.O PLATE. 51.—D'OGRE (7.4. Trigge), 1; Turpitude (2.1), 2; Double Back (5.1), 3. Also ran: Marchetta I (9.2), Blackless, Lelut, Salome and Miranda (7.1).	
4. 25.—KINGSWOOD PLATE. 51.—POSERPO (9.3. Debarvi), 1; Sunday (7.1), 2; Grand Devlin (7.1), 3. Also ran: Oueda (4.1), Faine (7.1), Melton Filler and Austen (10.1), Tree Pines (10.50), Westlands, Bobbit II, Freiman, Backs, and The Newbury, Albany Best, Happy Gal, Morles and Titration (10.50).	
5. 0.—APPRENTICE PLATE. 1m. EVERT (6.5. F. Maxwell), 1; Newbury (4.1), 2; Lesto (4.1), 3. Also ran: Megalo, Kodak and That's Enough (10.1).	
POWELL RACE.	
1. 45.—Trial Plate. 61.—Sardie (10.1), Crickmore, 1; Cassin (7.1), 2; September Morn (7.1), 3. 12 ran.	
2. 15.—Leeds Handicap. 10.4. 2. Faint, 1; Running Burn (10.50), 2; Reporter (6.4), 3. 10 ran.	
2. 45.—Prince of Wales's Plate. 51.—Verge (6.1. Herbert), 1; Kivale (4.5), Challed (6.1), 2. 11 ran.	
3. 15.—Rand Plate. 51.—Cantley (10.50, Herbert), 1; Sinecliff (10.4), Prince Regent (10.50), 2. 12 ran.	
2. 45.—Three-Year-Old Handicap. 1m. 11.—Market Tereva, F. Templeman, 1; Silver Thrush (9.1), 2; South Meadow (7.1), 3. 11 ran.	
4. 15.—Castle Plate. 12m.—Little Pickle (4.6. R. Simper), 1; The Nib (7.5), 2; Blue Knight (10.1), 3. 5 ran.	

Yesterday's football results were: League L.—Aston Villa 4, Manchester City 1. Southern League.—Southampton 5, Northampton 2.

CUT THIS OUT.

Famous Specialist's Recipe for Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you know someone who is troubled with head noises, or Catarrhal Deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. Recent experiments have proved conclusively that Catarrhal Deafness, head noises, etc., were the direct cause of constitutional disease, and that salves, sprays, inhalers, etc., merely temporise with the complaint, and seldom, if ever, effect a permanent cure. This being so, much time and money have been spent of late by a noted specialist in perfecting a pure, gentle, yet effective tonic that would quickly dispel all traces of the catarrhal poison from the system. The effective prescription which was eventually formulated, and which has aroused the belief that deafness will soon be extinct, is given below in a understandable form, so that anyone can treat themselves in their own home at little expense.

Secure from your chemist 1 oz. Parmint Double Strength, 2 oz. 2d. worth. Take this home, and add to it 1 pint of hot water and 4 ozs. of moist or granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most distressing head noises, headache, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., while the hearing rapidly returns as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of the treatment.

Loss of smell and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrhal poison, and which are quickly overcome by this efficacious treatment. The nine per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh, therefore there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this simple home treatment. Every person who is troubled with head noises, catarrhal deafness, or catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better. (Adv.)

NEWS ITEMS.

New Brigadier-General.

Last night's Gazette announced the appointment of Colonel W. B. Hickie, C.B., to Brigadier-General.

Thirty-Four Officer Casualties.

The latest casualty list contains the names of thirty-four officers, of whom twelve are given as killed or as having died of wounds.

Death for Sultan's Assassin.

Mohammed Khalil, who attempted to assassinate the Turkish Sultan, has been condemned, says an Exchange message, to be hanged.

Woolwich Arsenal Explosion.

Three workmen were seriously injured in an explosion at Woolwich Arsenal early yesterday morning while repairing fuses in the danger buildings area.

The Queen at War Relief Concert.

Queen Mary, with Princess Mary and Princes Henry and George, will be present next Saturday at a patriotic concert at the Royal Albert Hall in aid of the professional classes' war relief and the Lord Mayor's recruiting bands.

Miners' Leaders at Board of Trade.

Representatives of the Miners' Federation, whose executive is discussing how to obtain a 20 per cent. war bonus for the men, called by invitation at the Board of Trade yesterday to see Mr. Runciman. The proceedings were private.

Glad to Answer His Brother.

Mr. H. Hodges, of 18 Chester-road, North Kensington, W., who had been long to answer a letter from his brother, Pioneer John Hodges (No. 4711), 1st Royal West Kent Regiment, British Expeditionary Force, who is anxious to hear from him.

Safety of E15 Officer.

Lieutenant Commander Stuart Brodie, officially reported in a Turkish communiqué to have been killed by gunfire when his boat, submarine E15, stranded in the Dardanelles, was announced yesterday to be a prisoner in Turkey, and not killed.

DON'T MISS
No. 7 of the
SUNDAY PICTORIAL
BEST AND BRIGHTEST
SUNDAY
PICTURE NEWSPAPER

WAR BABIES 'EVERYBODY'S CHILDREN.'

"They are everybody's children and have a claim on the community as a whole."

In these words the *Suffragette* refers to the problem of "war babies," which it says must be treated in "no rigidly or censorious fashion."

The journal continues as follows:—
"The children who are coming into the world must be welcomed and must be provided with greater—not smaller—advantages, because they are really fatherless. Suitably maintained they must be. Why should not they be brought up under model conditions? There ought to be nothing of the charity school or workhouse where these new citizens are concerned."

"They are not unwanted, as the war death roll reminds us! Every one must become a valuable asset to the nation."

NO HANDICAPS AT ASCOT.

The Ascot Meeting will be reduced to three days these *Times*, and the five handicaps which for many years past have been part of the programme will be abandoned. Probably the meeting will begin on Wednesday, June 16.

A suggestion is being discussed that, instead of being shut up, the royal enclosure should be utilised, a tolerance being charged and the money so obtained given to the Red Cross Fund.

At Boston on Tuesday, states Reuter, Freddy Welsh defeated "Red" Watson on points in a ten rounds bout.

At Gidea Park yesterday the 2nd Sportsman's Battalion beat D Company Footballers' Battalion by 8 goals to 1. Evans (5), Hoekings (2), Adams (2) and Lewis scored for the winners.

HOW TO DEVELOP THE BUST.

A Physician's Advice to Thin Women.

It is no wonder that a woman with a well-developed bust and pretty neck and shoulders is always the centre of admiration when the great majority of ladies these days are so thin, flat-chested and scraggy. It is silly for a woman to let false pride keep her from enjoying to the full the charms of perfect womanhood, when it may so easily be obtained by a process that will positively be of benefit to her general health. It does not matter how thin or flat-chested a woman may be, if she is over 16 years of age, and under 50, she can have a bust that will be the envy of all her sex.

All that it is necessary for her to do is to take an ordinary Sargol tablet three times a day after meals. This is the simplest, surest, safest and most reliable method known to science. It acts quickly, gives a natural development, makes the chest firm and beautiful, and gives even the most scraggy woman a pretty and attractive neck and shoulders. Every chemist will supply these tablets at 2s. 9d. per box, and a development of 8 or 7 inches is often reported in 15 or 20 days. (Adv.)

THE BEST HEALER.

CONTAINS NO ANIMAL OIL OR FAT & NO RAY MINERAL.

IS PURELY VEGETABLE.

Zam-Buk

"RUB IT IN"

FOR CUTS, BRUISES, SORES, BURNS, PILES, PIMPLES, ECZEMA, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, BAD LEGS, SORE HEADS & BACKS, CHAPPED HANDS.

UNEQUALLED FOR CRICKETERS, CYCLISTS, FOOTBALL PLAYERS & SPORTSMEN GENERALLY AS AN EMBROCATION.

Proprietors: The ZAM-BUK CO.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

"TIZ" Gladdens Sore, Tired Feet

"TIZ cured my tender, aching, puffed-up, perspiring feet and corns. O. Joy!"

"Happy! Happy! Use TIZ."

As in Paris

The true Café au Lait of the Parisians—fragrant and delicious—that precisely is Milkmaid Brand Café au Lait. Best freshly roasted coffee, finest dairy milk, and refined sugar expertly blended in correct proportions. Just add boiling water—it's ready in a trice.

A Cup of Café au Lait and some "Ideal Milk" biscuits make a delightful early breakfast—un petit déjeuner as the French call it.

MILKMAID BRAND Café au Lait

Of all Grocers and Stores in 5d. and 10d. tins. Sample free on receipt of name and address of Grocer and 5d. in stamps to cover postage. "Milkmaid Brand," B Depot, 6-8, "Auchman, London.

TIZ makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, hard skin, blisters, bunions and chilblains. TIZ draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you dance, how far you walk, or how long you remain on your feet, TIZ brings restful foot comfort. TIZ is magical, grand, wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel. Your feet just tingle for joy; shoes never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 1s. 1d. box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. End foot torture for ever—wear smaller shoes, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1s. 1d.

INDIAN LUCKY STONE

FREE.

Do you want to change your luck? Do you want to be fortunate in life, successful in business, and to have everything come your way? If so you should possess my real Indian "LUCKY STONE," which has brought good luck and happiness to thousands. In order to further introduce these mysterious, beautiful and lucky stones from Ceylon, I am giving away a limited number. Write to-day, enclosing stamp for booklet about the "Lucky Stone," containing letters from people who possess them, to R. S. FIELD Dept. 1, 9, Sun St., London, E.C.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

We want to convince every woman suffering from this dreadful scourge how easily it can be cured. Therefore we have set aside 10,000 tubes of "DEPILATOR," our remarkable hair-remover, for FREE DISTRIBUTION. Send us your name and address and return the tube of "DEPILATOR" in this cover a Free tube of "DEPILATOR" sufficient to entirely remove your unwanted hairs. Enclose 5d. stamps to defray postage and packing. Write to-day to W. GRAY & Co., (Desk 6) 349, City Rd., London, E.C.

THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"—EVERYBODY'S READING IT

The Daily Mirror

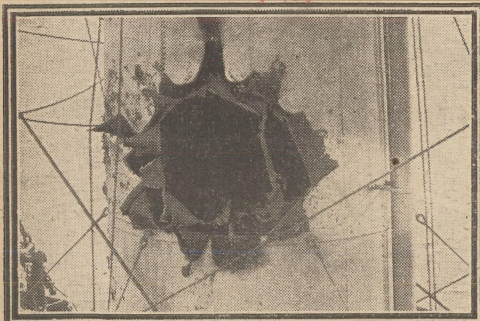
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Please deliver the "Sunday Pictorial" every week until further notice to—
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6FT. HOLE IN A FUNNEL.

g. 1600



This hole, which a Turkish shell made in the funnel of a British warship, is exactly 6ft. in diameter. This fact will give an idea of how big these funnels really are.

MR. NEIGHBOUR SUED BY NEIGHBOUR.

P. 14233



Mr. Zachariah Simpsohn, a Brixton-road florist, who sued a neighbouring florist named Neighbour yesterday. In the picture he is seen leaving the Law Courts with his wife.

EAR AGAIN: FASHION DECREES ANOTHER CHANGE.

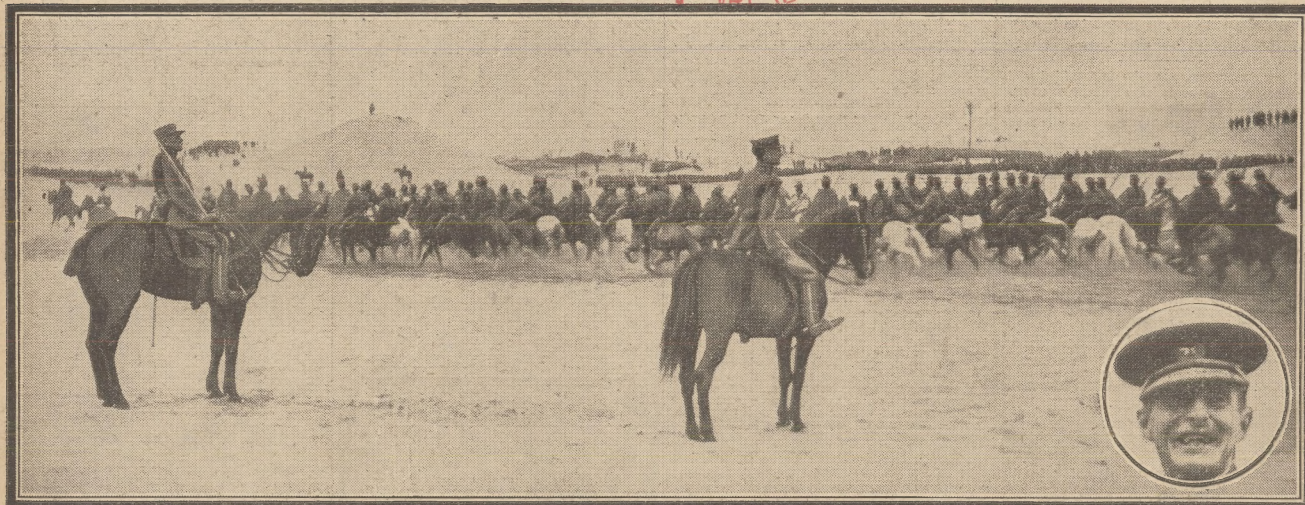
In Cupboard.



Black teardrop hat turned up at one side and trimmed with a big bow. For some time past women have been concealing their ears from view; but now the fashion has changed, and the hair is dressed so that they come fully in view.—(Creation Paquin, photograph Pierre.)

FAMOUS FRENCH AND BRITISH GENERALS REVIEWING CAVALRY IN EGYPT.

g. 841 H



French cavalry being reviewed at Alexandria by General D'Amade and General Sir Ian Hamilton. The former is Commander-in-Chief of the French Expeditionary Forces in the Mediterranean, and the latter (who is also seen in the circle) is In-

spector-General of the British Forces in the Mediterranean. Our Allies presented a splendid appearance as they rode past the saluting base, and Sir Ian, judging by his smile in the small picture, was obviously pleased.